

# THE McARTHUR ENQUIRER.

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## McARTHUR ENQUIRER

J. W. BOWEN, Editor and Proprietor

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This House, which is convenient to the R. R. depot, is changing proprietors, has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and the present proprietor offers to travelers and boarders the best accommodations. Good stable on the premises.  
TERMS MOST REASONABLE.

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This Hotel is furnished throughout with all the modern improvements. Guests can rely on the best treatment and very low bills. Street Cars pass this Hotel to and from all Railroad Depots.

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This house has been thoroughly renovated and beautifully furnished. Having superior facilities, everything will be done to make guests comfortable.

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This Hotel, a few feet from the Railroad Depot, and where all travelers on all trains can take meals, has just been greatly enlarged and thoroughly refurnished. It is now in complete order for the reception of guests. Trains stop ten minutes for meals. Terms moderate.

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This house has been entirely refitted and renovated, and is in all respects a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Table supplied by none in the West. Ample and pleasant accommodations for travelers. Give us a call.  
OAKES & CO., Proprietors.

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**B. R. HIGGINS & BRO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Marble Monuments, Tomb Stones,  
MANTLES, FURNITURE, &c.,  
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Good Assortment of Marble constantly on hand. All kinds of GEMSTONES cut to order in the finest style.

### Dentistry.

**DENTISTRY.**

**\$10 Only for a Set of Teeth.**  
Teeth extracted without pain and with perfect safety by the use of Laughlin's Gas. I am always to be found at my office.  
DR. S. T. ROGERS.  
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**J. M. McGILLIVRAY,**  
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Will attend promptly to any business given him and management in any Courts of Vinton and adjoining counties. Office—in the Court House, up stairs.

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McARTHUR, OHIO.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY OF VINTON COUNTY. Will practice in Ohio, Vinton and adjoining counties. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to.

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**C. J. BILLINGHURST,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
and dealer in all kinds of  
PICTURES, ALBUMS, FRAMES,  
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COPYING carefully done, and the most perfect results obtained in size, and finished in Oil, Water-colors, or India Ink, or any other style that may be desired, at the lowest rates.  
Large and finely finished Photographs can be made from scratched and faded Pictures. Pictures of all kinds Framed to order, and all work warranted to give satisfaction.  
15-cent.

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**McARTHUR AGENCY**  
**The Home**  
Of Columbus,  
Is one of the best managed  
Insurance Companies in Ohio.

Rates as low as any No. 1.  
responsible company.  
Losses promptly adjusted  
without litigation.  
H. C. JONES, AGENT.

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**KANSAS CENTRAL LAND AGENCY.**  
Maj. JOHN W. BERKS, Manager,  
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Real Estate Business; also have for sale all the lands of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, amounting to over 50,000 acres of the most desirable in Central and Western Kansas; also Mill Sites, Coal Lands, Farms, Cattle Ranches and City Property in Salina and the neighboring towns, for sale at all times. Send for the "Kansas Central Land Agency," a large 32-column land paper, see what we have from scratch and find all about the great Keystone State of the West.  
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### Hack Line.

**McARTHUR HACK LINE.**  
CHARLES W. BARNETT, Proprietor

Will run regularly to McArthur Station to meet all trains.  
Hack leave McArthur Post Office at 10 o'clock A. M. to meet Fast Line West; at 11 A. M. to meet the Cincinnati Express going east; at 1 o'clock P. M. to meet the St. Louis Express going west; at 5 P. M. for Fast Line east.  
Will meet the Parkersburg, Marietta, and Zaleski accommodations on application in person or by letter.  
Orders left at the Post Office, McArthur, or Dundas, promptly attended to.  
une 4-1873. CHARLES W. BARNETT.

**HAMDEN MILLS.**  
**COZZENS & JOHNSON, Pro's.**  
**HAMDEN, O.**

We have purchased and fitted up the mill and mill race, and the trade of the farmers of this vicinity.  
Special attention given to  
**CUSTOM WORK,**  
And care given to please all customers. Mr. A. A. COZZEN, an experienced miller, has charge of the mill, and will guarantee to do all kinds of custom work at the lowest rates and give general satisfaction.

On hand, and for sale at  
**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**  
July 20, 1873. COZZENS & JOHNSON.

### STATIONERY.

**TRY YOUR LUCK.**  
THE GREAT PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGE.

**TRIUMPH!**  
Contains 10 Sheets Writing Paper, 10 Envelopes, 1 Pencil, 1 Lead, 1 Pen, 1 Ink, 1 Blank Book, 1 Blotter, Photographs of 100 Beautiful Women, and a piece of Ladies' or Gents' Jewelry. Sample package sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 45 cents; 2 packages for 80 cents, or 4 for \$1. Send for a package; it will be the most goods you ever brought for the money. The price is often worth more than the price paid for the entire package, and the other articles would bring retail value of 50 cents. Don't pass this; try one package, and you will never buy stationery any other way. Address,  
Lock Box 151,  
Baltimore, Md.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell Packages, Pictures, Books, &c. Catalogue sent free.  
J. C. BURROW,  
Beverly Street, New York. c&w 32-24.

**BINGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN.**  
Specially designed for the use of the Medical Profession, and the Family, possessing those intrinsic medicinal properties which belong to an old and pure Gin.  
Indispensable to Females. Good for Rheumatic Complaints. A delicious Tonic. Put up in cans, containing one dozen bottle each, and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c. A. M. BINGER & Co., established 1770, No. 1, Beaver Street, New York. c&w 32-24.

### Selected Poetry.

**Gone.**  
BY RACHEL POMEROY.

When rare lives drop, Nature runs on the same,  
No dizzy star forgets to hunt its goal.  
The moon-drawn tides undeviating roll,  
Sense as on the eve when first it came,  
Fair flower stars from sunset's fading dance,  
And steady spins our planet round her pole.

So little do they miss a strenuous soul,  
So easy spare a noble, vanished name!  
Fest you to stir of pity, saddest Earth,  
This year, white clasp can lock him from our eyes?

Oh, mighty Mother, you that gave him birth,  
How still within your folding arms he lies!  
A tired child, laid to your sacred breast,  
For love no tears may break his dreamless rest.

Yet heard he not the people's cry? nor heary  
The tender passion of a sorrowing State,  
Mourning as nations mourn their good and great?  
Nay, soon did you take up his silent tears?  
To clasp his glorious days, ungracious Fate?  
And we for whom he wrought lament too late.

The generous heart strung with ungenerous  
Jeers, friend who whereunto he has passed;  
Friend who hose strong the fiber snapped and broke,  
Beneath some bruise—heavy stroke on stroke—  
The land where each hath leave to rest at last—  
Do human plaints comfort him above?  
Or is he pleased with our remorseful love?

**Original Story.**  
Written for THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

**MIDNIGHT AND NOONDAY.**  
BY ECCE FRATER.

CHAPTER XVI.  
Mr. Lorenzo had hardly closed his sentence until he had gone off to see the doctor about the removal of the boy, for he could not endure the idea of an expense on the account of remaining at the Deacon's.

Dr. Hoy told Mr. L. that the boy was not in a condition to be removed and should remain quiet for a few days, lest hemorrhage of the lungs should set in again, and endanger the child's life.

"What did the Doctor say?" inquired Mrs. Lorenzo, as her husband entered the room.

"He gave me no satisfaction. I think I know a thing or two."

The fact was the Dr. did not "give Mr. L. satisfaction" because he did not tell the selfish man to remove the boy, and this was one of Mr. L's ways of "slipping around" the truth, just like a great many persons do who want to tell a lie and reserve a place to get out at.

"What have you decided on?" said Mrs. L.

"Decided on, why, I am going to take Will over home right away, and run the risk of it hurting him."

"I object, husband, for I fear it will not do to remove him so soon."

"I ain't afraid of it harming anybody, so I shall get Mr. Crocko's buggy and we will go home right away. I wonder how much he will charge me for the use of his team and buggy?"

Thus this close fist man made everything turn on the amount it would cost him personally without regard to results, just like every other cruel, selfish wretch of a human being.

All this had taken place between a little after four o'clock in the morning, and a late breakfast, seven o'clock. While this parry was going on, Mrs. C. had prepared a good morning meal, and came in to invite the folks out to breakfast. "Oh no, said Mr. L., 'we shall go home in a few minutes and get breakfast there.'"

"But we are not going to permit you to leave after any such fashion, so come right along to breakfast, and beside all that, Willie is not able to remove."

So saying the good lady took Mrs. Lorenzo by the arm, and both started for the dining room. "Come on Mr. Lorenzo" said the kind-hearted wife.

Slowly the odd man filed out after the women, and when he ate, it was very daintily for fear he would have to pay the more, until the good joking Deacon

remarked, "eat all you want, at all the same price;" when Mr. L. began to quicken his pace, and finished by "making a full hand."

Breakfast over, the good man of the house led in prayers, and prepared to render such assistance as needed, for it was known that Mr. L. had resolved on taking Willie home.

The buggy was duly halted at the front gate, and Willie carried out and put inside, and Mr. Crocko drove the horses as carefully as possible, although reminded by Mr. Lorenzo to hurry up a little, for there was a fear that the Deacon would consume to much time, and Lorenzo have to pay for it.

By-and-by they reached the residence of Mr. Lorenzo, and Willie was laid on his little bed, pale and sick. Mr. L. now went out to see the Deacon about the charge.

"How much do you charge me for your help?" said Mr. Lorenzo.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all," said the boy had staid with me, and your whole family caring for him, for six weeks I should not have made a charge. I don't 'count cents' at times of sickness and such affliction," said the Deacon.

The hasty Mr. L. was dumfounded to think he had put himself to so much trouble to save expenses, and he could have had the privilege of even "six weeks," stay all for nothing if he had only known it.

"How much I have missed?" might have been read in his mind as he returned to the house.

Returning to the house, his wife asked Mr. Lorenzo how much the Deacon charged him.

"Nothing," gruffly replied the disappointed man, for he was both pleased and displeased with the result of things.

Mr. L. had gone out to attend to some work, and was very busy when his wife hastened to the barn, calling him by name.

"Husband, husband go at once for Dr. Hoy, don't stop one moment."

"Can't I finish currying this horse?" remarked Mr. L.

TO BE CONTINUED.

YEARS ago—twenty-five or thirty—before Nashville was connected by rail with the outside world, the principal travel to and from that city was on steamboats. In those days Ben F. Egan used to run A. L. Davis, a disreputable craft of the hind-wheel persuasion. One trip he was approached by an ugly customer, whose left eye—the other was out, and gone glimmering—just twinkled through the swollen black, and thusly interviewed:

"Say, stranger, are you the capt'n of this 'ere ship?"

"I am, Sir," Ben replied.

"What will you have?"

"Well, I just want to go down to Smithland. What will you charge me for the ride?"

"Ten dollars, sir. Give the money to the clerk, and he'll give you a ticket."

This Henry County representative then indignantly said:

"Luak 'ere, Mr. Capt'n, I reckon you are mistaken in the man. I'm not in the river business, and don't want to buy your old boat."

A Bishop, fond of hunting, being rebuked that the apostles never hunted, replied, "No shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went a fishing instead."

### A True Story.

**The Story of an Irish Girl.**

"KATHLEEN, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I should discharge you if I found you indulging in this foolish whimpering any more?"

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and she stood before an exquisite little painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes, set in a green gilded frame, with a sky like liquid amber—stood with her apron to her eyes, and her ruddy cheeks deluged with tears.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," she sobbed, "but it puts me in mind of home."

"Home!" scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. "Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely that you ever saw such a spot as that!"

"Deed did I then, ma'am," answered Kathleen, and many a time. For we lived beyant them same green shores, when—"

"There, then, that will do," said Mrs. Arnott coldly. "I do not care about any reminiscences."

Kathleen did not understand the five syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the bitter, sarcastic tone. The tears were frozen in their fount—the scarlet spots glowed in either cheek.

"She looks down on me, as if I were a dog!" Kathleen thought to herself. "And sure it's the same flesh and blood God has given to both of us. How would she like it, I wonder, if it was her in a strange land, and never a kind word spoken to her?"

O, but if I could see the mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet! but the wide blue sea rolls between us, and it's all alone I am!"

Poor Kathleen! the sense of desolation came upon her with sickening power just then, as she stood before the picture of the sweet Irish lake, with the wet splashes on her cheek, and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice sounding in her ears.

"It's a great trial to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish."

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears, as she stopped on the top step to get breath.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Tudor Audor, sympathetically. "They are bad—thoroughly and systematically bad, the whole lot of 'em. I'd send them all back to their native country, if it lay in my power."

"I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott sharply, and then, perhaps, we should have a chance to employ Swedish or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you Kathleen? Why don't you bring the ice-water in at once, instead of standing dawdling there?"

Kathleen obeyed, but the dreary, homesick feeling that thrilled through all her pulses can hardly be described.

"If I was only at home again," she thought, "in bonny Ireland, where the poorest and the meanest have a kind word for each other. They scorn and hate me here; and sure I've tried to do my best, but the lady has got a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make game of Irish Kathleen."

And the lonely exile wept herself to sleep upon her solitary pillow that night. It was

a mere closet of a room, without light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought any place good enough for Kathleen O'Neil; the bed was hard and insufficiently provided with clothing, but as Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, it was, no doubt, a great deal better than what she had been accustomed to at home. And she had just paid Messrs. Isaacson & Co. a thousand dollars apiece for drapery her drawing-room windows with lace and brocatelle—so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants.

"Is Kathleen sick, mamma?" asked little Julian Arnott one day; "he cries so much, and she looks so white."

Mr. Arnott, a stout-built, good-hearted man, of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his newspaper.

"What does the child mean, Lucretia?" he asked of his wife. "I hope you look a little after your girls."

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Arnott, sharply. "Kathleen is only moping. She's a silent, sullen thing, at best, and I shall discharge her next month. Natalie has a cousin who wants the place."

"Has she any friends in this country—Kathleen, I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge her, then. It would be rather hard, unless she has actually been guilty of some fault."

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

"Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household," said she, tartly. "These girls haven't our sensitive natures, either; they are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?"

"Yes."

"I wish you would stop and ask Dr. Hart to stop here this morning. Little Clarence is feverish."

"Anything serious?"

"I hope not," the mother answered, "but I always like to take these things in time."

Dr. Hart looked over Clarence's little crib; he involuntarily uttered the name of a malignant type of fever just then raging in the city.

"I wish you had sent for me before?" said he; "but I fear it is too late to secure the exemption of your little one. But with constant care I think we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?"

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalie as I would myself."

"You are fortunate," said the doctor.

He had scarcely closed the hall-door behind him, when Natalie came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam—will you pay me my wages and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalie, the baby is sick—"

"One's first duty is to one's self, madam. I would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me."

And Natalie packed her trunk and departed without even coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good-by.

The cook was the next to give warning. Matilda, the laundress, took herself off without any such preliminary ceremony.

"I know what the fever is," said she. "And missus can't expect we're going to lose our lives for a bit of money."

"I'm going, too," said the seamstress. Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd all been dying, and I

believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And almost before she knew it, the stricken mother was left alone by the bedside of her suffering babe. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street, like priests and Levites of old; friends contended themselves by sending to inquire; even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

"Is there no one to help me?" she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together. "Have all pity and charity, and womanly sympathy died out of the world?"

She turned at some fancied sound—Kathleen O'Neil was at her side, busied in arranging the table.

"I thought you, too, had gone, Kathleen," she cried out.

"Sure, ma'am, what should I be going for," asked Kathleen, simply, "and the bits of child here sick, and you in the sore trouble? I nursed the little brothers and sisters through the fever at home, and I know just what needs to be done."

And she took little Clarence in her arms with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

"Are you not afraid, Kathleen?"

"What would I be afraid of, ma'am? Isn't the good God's sky over us all, whether it's the green banks of Ireland, or the church steeples in this great, confusin city? Oh, ma'am, don't fear, He'll not take the bonny baby from us."

"All Mrs. Arnott's children had the fever—last of all she was prostrated by it—and Kathleen watched over every one, faithful, true and tender."

"Kathleen," Mrs. Arnott said incoherently, the first day that she sat up, with the Irish girl carefully arranging the pillows about her wasted form, "oh Kathleen, I don't deserve this."

"Sure, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, it's a sorry place it would be, I am thinkin'," laughed Kathleen.

"But, Kathleen, I was cruel to you—so heartless."

"We won't talk of it, ma'am, dear," said Kathleen, evasively.

"But say just once that you forgive me?" pleaded the lady, once so haughty.

"I forgive you, ma'am—as free as the sunshine!" Kathleen answered, softly.

"And you'll stay with me always and be my friend, Kathleen?"

"If God wills it ma'am."

"And Mrs. Arnott put up her lip to kiss Irish Kathleen's fresh, cool cheeks.

The years that have passed since then have made men and women of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever; and strangers who visit in Mrs. Arnott's house scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle-aged woman who moves about the house, apparently as much at home in it as the mistress herself—who is always consulted about everything, and trusted with all secrets.

"Is she a housekeeper, or a servant, or a relation?" some one once asked, and Mrs. Arnott replied: "She is my true and trusted friend, Kathleen O'Neil."

A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished, the following Sunday, to see him come into church wearing it as a cravat.

### News in a Nabell.

There was a heavy snow fall in Toronto, Ont., Monday, the 14th.

The late Empress Eugene has taken winter quarters at Nice.

Ex-Senator Saulsbury has been appointed Chancellor of Delaware.

Ex-President Andrew Johnson has patented a new combination plane.

The American ship Westmoreland was destroyed by fire at Antwerp, the 24th of November.

There are 2,105 men employed in the Charleston, Mass., Navy-yard.

The German fleet in Spanish waters is to be reinforced by two iron-clads.